There is a greater dearth of matter for a letter than I ever experienced, for the style I live in is more eremitical than you can imagine. Yet the poorest hermit had a garden to cultivate, and I have nothing of the kind.

Our weather is stormy, with an hour or two of sunshine every day, and the golden forest is in high picturesque beauty; but, alas! it gives the unpleasant feeling of desolation and winter, I make long stretches across it every day, after working at my desk two or three hours. After dinner I go and sit sometimes with Lady Rodney and her two daughters ; but in general I remain by my fireside and read " Voltaire's Correspondence," which is very entertaining, though I should like it better if there were less of Voltaire in it.

Mesdames d'Anglures and Talaru are coming to see me, but cannot move till the decree is fixed concerning the ex-nobles. The consternation was general while the motion remained unaltered; but the movers have withdrawn it, and proposed another, by which the ex-nobles will stand in the

predicament of foreigners.

I have a letter from Sir S. Smith, who thought *I* was gone, and wrote to me at the Admiralty, from whence it has been forwarded to me. In it